

The Omen: WE'RE B A A H C K!

Volume 41
Issue 2



Born to Punch 'Em In The Dick:

Joseph Dromboski - Enemy of Democracy

Devin Morse - Kurtz

Jesse Ide - chips

F. "FSTEWZ" Stewart-Taylor - I'm an adult!

Jonathan Gardner - Skip a turn, draw 2 cards

Grace Willey - I don't know, it's green I guess?

B Corfman - Bill! Bill! Bill! Bill!

Violet Lopez - is a shining star in all our hearts

Isaiah Mann - likes it in principle, not in practice

Ben Socolofsky - kinda likes it?

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Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu or F. Stewart-Taylor, box 1092

Policy

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish. Your submission must include your real name: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill on a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, or on the door of your mod.

THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

Views in the Omen (5)
Do not necessarily (7)
Reflect the staff's views (5)

Front cover by F. Stewart-Taylor
Back cover by Jonathan Gardner

Random photos by Jesse Ide unless otherwise noted

EDITORIAL

Hello, Faithful Omenites! How did you like our cover girl this month? I imagine you could be her next... **crush.** Stay tuned for a lot more **smashing** content, but for now, here's your editorial.

Dear Jonathan Fitzgerald "Lash" Kennedy-

It is with deep despair that I notice you have elected not to take notice of my warnings to publicize, to god and everyone, your secret identity. Last semester I explained, in detail, why your healthy food initiative was wrong for hampshire. In short: one time I was supposed to get pizza, and I didn't. Why are you like this? Why do you ruin the things that I need? I gave you a chance to make nice. One slice of pizza with one topping. Not hard, JFK.

After I very reasonably gave you a chance to amend your ways, you not only failed to buy me a piece of pizza, you replaced Sodexo, who had given me many pieces of pizza in the past and also often forgot to clean up free food from conferences, and thus I ate like a king. A king who steals bits of stale pita bread and handfuls of white chocolate macadamia cookies and shoves them into their bag and cheeks like a squirrel. You robbed me of these cookies and stale pitas, but that still wasn't enough.

One day, SAGA had a free food thing for Enfield. But you ruin even free food. You had, first off, allowed them to put a bunch of fresh (relatively) fruits and vegetables in vases. Where they could watch us. But we could not take them. If people tried to take them, the workers would tell them not to. This is bullshit, JFK! It's food! Sources, my sources, secret sources, sources I will never reveal, say that the "prettiest" food from the farm gets stuck in these vases. This is a war crime against bell peppers and against me having bell peppers. Obviously, I stole as many as my bag could fit.

Next, we come to the array of spectacular hummuses. I love hummus, JFK. I love hummus more than you love cheating on Jackie Kennedy or standing on boats wearing sunglasses. There were so many kinds of hummus: red bean, black bean, other beans. But no hummus delivery system. There was alfredo, and then pasta. Do you see the problem there? I had no choice but to either violate the cardinal law of food lines, thou shalt not go back for something, or pour pasta into a puddle of creamy liquid cheese sauce congealing like brains on a car seat on a hot day in Dallas, Texas. Do you see the problem, JFK? My only consolation was stealing vast numbers of tomatoes

from you. I will have pizza, or I will have your hearts' blood dripping down my chin as the sweet tomato juices dribbled and splattered on the admittedly very nice new napkin holders. Mark my words, JFK. Mark my words, or mark me in on your calendar. Under "revenge"

Firsties. You poor, useless, firsties. Let's talk about where you come in. My ears are everywhere, my eyes are forever, and I hear you are calling the place where you get food "Bone Ap." Or "The Dining Commons." Or, worst of all, "D.C." That is the diagnostic center, you ignorant pieces of shit. The place is SAGA. The experience is SAGA. The life you are born into and the life which you will be carried out of is SAGA. It is SAGA. It is SAGA. You are SAGA children, born of SAGA and from SAGA's sticky womb you will emerge, greasy and glistening, into the light, sweet dawn of mod life. Where you will order from Zhangs all the time and kind of miss other people doing the dishes.

I demand change, Hampshire. Change I can believe in. At least one hummus delivery system, and more food left to rot or be stolen in more corridors. Change back to the way I believe things used to be.

Or I tell the world you're JFK, JFK. M'Kay?

Anyway! That's our editorial for this month- now, what the hell are you reading? Why, it's THE OMEN! We're a free speech publication, and we're chock full to the brim of speech- so what we want is YOU. Come to layout alternate Thursdays at 8pm in the merrill basement. Submit to Omen@hampshire.edu. Write us a letter, draw us a picture, do whatever. Come hang out, work on layout, or just bum around. We love you! We'll feed you!

What IS the omen? Gosh! Okay! Read the policy- over there. Other page. Yep. it's cool, I'll wait. You done? Awesome. Still have questions? Come to layout! Mad about something in the issue? Come to layout! Our next layout is October 3rd, 8pm in the merrill basement. and it will be AWESOME. We will publish LITERALLY ANYTHING YOU SEND (if your name is on it.) ANYTHING. LITERALLY.

Here's to another great year, Omenites! It's only as great as the stuff you send in, and our youtube playlist, can make it.

Love, your editor,
F. Stewz

SECTION SPEAK:

Environmental Hypocrisy at Hampshire College: Cigarette Butts

- Xavier A. Torres de Janon

General American hypocrisy is no mystery. Politicians and laws proclaim self-determination and human rights, while interventionist state policies and blind support towards oppressive dictatorships abroad continue. A country that demands on less developed states to be more environmentally sound, while actually considering fracking to get more hydrocarbons. The list goes on.

Today I got out of my bus, and while heading towards the Library, I saw near the rocks in front of the RCC a disgustingly beautiful art piece. It consisted of dozens of cigarette butts aligned on the ground to form something resembling a small wave. Yesterday, I had seen a student squatting on the ground near this spot scrambling; now I understand what they were doing. I give huge kudos to this student (or perhaps it was a group of students who made this art piece; if so, I direct my admiration to all of them).

Now to the problem exposed by this art display. I cannot conceive and tolerate a supposedly environmental-friendly school with students polluting with their disposed cigarette butts. I have no issue with smoking in itself; it's a life choice and I will not go into that. What disturbs me is the hypocrisy with which some smokers indifferently throw away their cigarette butts on the ground. I am absolutely convinced that if you asked any of these polluters their stances on environmental justice, climate change, global warming and sustainability, they will most likely be of the more 'greener' kind. These probable attendants of another Rally Against Climate Silence or similar events and initiatives, students

who demand environmental consciousness, awareness and action, are however contributing to pollution to the campus.

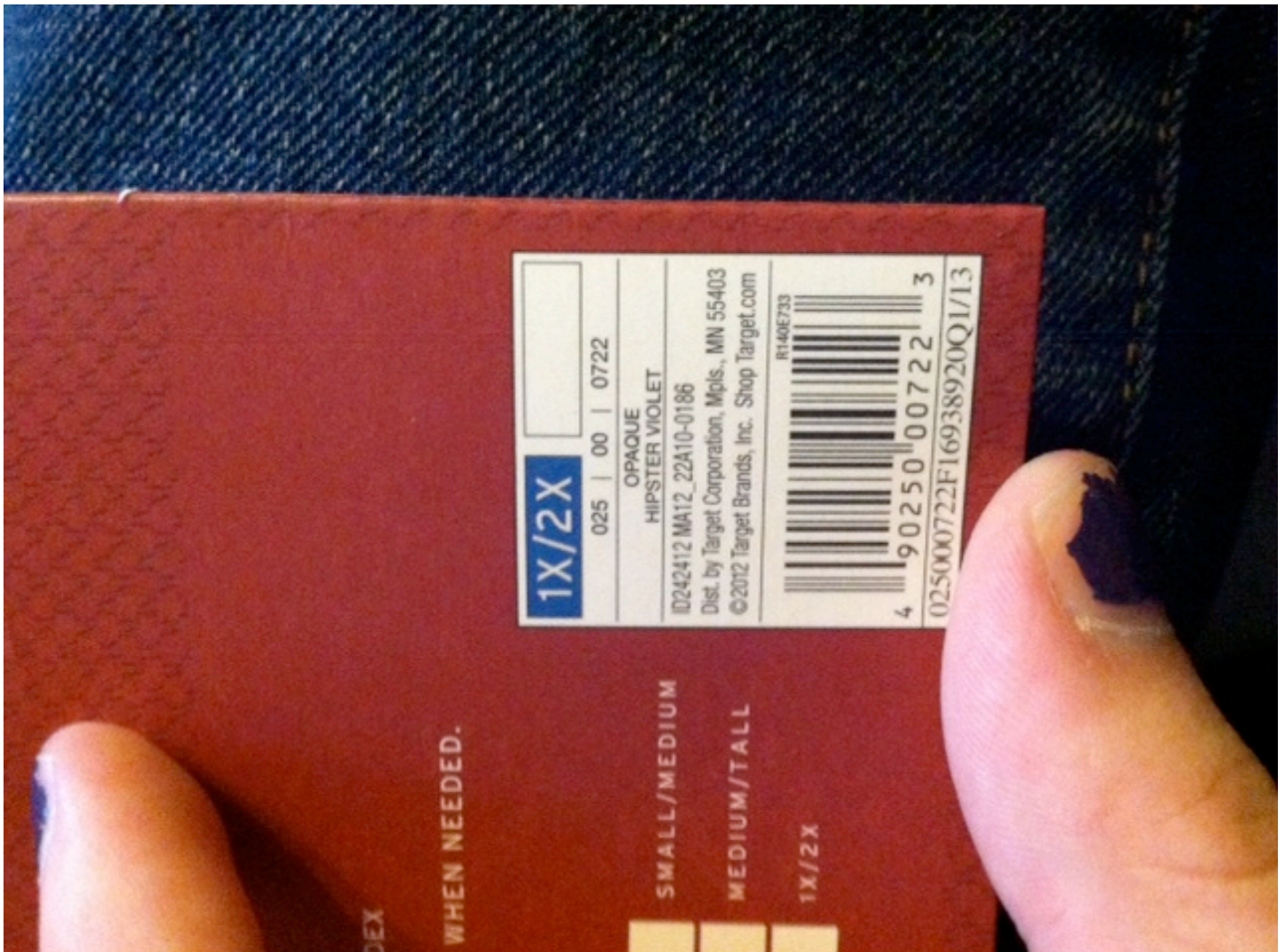
This behavior is pure environmental hypocrisy. I challenge any cigarette butt polluter to actually come forward and say that their actions are okay. That contributing to environmental contaminants is not such a big issue. American hypocrisy is real, but shouldn't Hampshire students act to challenge this conception? It's sad and disappointing that this is happening in our campus. I wonder in what other areas Hampshire students are as hypocritical as this.



J-Lash bird – Jesse Ide

It was Zachary Taylor.

-Devin Morse



by Isaiah Mann

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CHARACTERS: MR. K, British Spy
MR. G, American Spy
MRS. K, Wife of MR K, British
MRS. G, Wife of MR G, American

SCENE: Garden terrace, Britain, day.

AT RISE: MR. K and MR. G sit across from each other. MRS. K and MRS. G are offstage.

MR. K
I'm afraid I have to kill you, my dear fellow.

MR. G
'Your dear fellow' gets that. Perhaps the method too.

MR. K
Oh delightful, you've figured out how I plan to murder you?

MR. G
Actually, I decided how I'm gonna kill you.

(MR. G places gun on table)

MR. K
Naturally. But tea first.

MR. G
I have a flight to catch, make it fast.

MR. K
Before you shoot me, have you considered that I might have some C4?

MR. G
Have you considered that I could shoot you in the head?

MR. K
You'd be ignoring the possibility of a detonator up my sleeve.

MR. G
Why haven't you used it yet?

MR. K

The term "last resort" comes to mind.

MR. G

Then I'll just put this away, for the time being.

(MR. G puts away pistol)

MR. K

Do you take your tea with sugar?

MR. G

Yes --good guess-- but I like my sugar arsenic-free.

(MR. G takes out sugar packet)

MR. K

Packing a pistol and sugar packets, I see.

MR. G

Well, you British do you like your tea. Had to be prepared.

MR. K

And are you prepared for a poison dart?

MR. G

Well I'm immune to scorpion venoms, cobra venoms, tarantula venoms, hydro-neurotoxins, psychotriclygerates, and ditricolides.

MR. K

You clearly made those last three up.

MR. G

Be that as it may. I have the reflexes of a tiger. Fast enough to karate chop your neck before you can say "god save the queen".

MR. K

I'll have you know sir, my neck muscles are tougher than a steel walrus.

MR G

Then you wouldn't mind me slipping a little noose around your neck, would you?

MR. K

I'd be greatly obliged, if I could slip a little knife between your ribs in the meantime.

MR. G

Alright, you take out your knife and I'll take out my gun, and we can see what happens.

MR. K

My good sir, do you honestly believe I'm afraid of your little toy?

MR. G

It's a Glock 9mm!

MR. K

Only sheep carry less than .45 caliber. Back to the topic, if sharp knives don't scare you, my C4 should still stay your trigger finger.

MR. G

Not killing you today and letting you live, are very different things.

MR. K

As are not blowing you up, and allowing you to leave my luxurious home alive.

MR. G

More like stuffy mansion. And let me guess: pit of spikes, tarantulas, and a falling piano.

MR. K

I'm not a Bond villain. Do you know how much tarantulas go for?

MR. G

And here I thought our line of work was so lucrative.

MR. K

The missus spends a greater majority of my bounties than you'd think. But I have enough leftover for a few car bombs.

MR. G

I really liked that car. On the topic of things we hold dear, how is that wife of yours?

MR. K

Mrs. K is most excellent. And your dearly beloved?

MR. G

Mrs. G is doing well; she's been moody though, as of late.

MR. K

Ah well, hopefully Mrs. K will sort her out, and once I throw you off a cliff, we'll fix her up with my charming friend, Nigel.

MR. G

You mean, when I bash your head in with a rock, we'll introduce Mrs. K to our friend, Daryl.

MR.K

The hardest rock in the world couldn't make a dent on this skull.

MR. G

How about a bullet?

MR. K

Yes, I suppose it will take a bullet to shut you up.

(MR. K and MR. G both draw pistols)

MR. K

Damn.

MR. G

Really?

MR. K

What? Don't give me that look.

MR. G

This is the "You really thought you could get the drop on me" look.

MR. K

Fair enough. But it would be best to put that gun away now.

MR. G

Back to threats? I thought we'd already covered that part of the agenda.

MR. K

Not a threat. But your wife is coming over and she might have one.

(MR. G and MR. K put away guns)

MRS. G

Hey honey, how's it going with Mr. K?

MR. G

Very well dear, how are you?

MRS. G

Oh, fine. Just wanted to make sure you remembered our flight at five. We have to make it home for our dinner engagement, tomorrow.

MR. G

Right, we'll be done in a sec.

MRS. G

Yeah, I've heard that one before, honey. Remember Cuba? No, these things only get done efficiently if I take over.

MR. G

Please, allow me.

MRS. G

You had your chance.

(MRS. G draws gun)

MR. K

(drawing gun)

Drop it love, wouldn't want anyone to get--

(MRS. G punches MR. K, knocking him unconscious)

MR. G

Wow.

MRS. G

Yeah, you see how much easier that is?

MR. G

Yeah but--

MRS. G

But nothing, c'mon get the neurotoxin out of the car and let's wrap this up.

MR. G

I think he put a bomb on the car.

MRS. G

Bastard. Right, guess we'll just do this the old fashioned way.

(MRS. G points pistol at MR. K)

MRS. K

(enters with machine gun)

Drop it darling, wouldn't want you getting yourself hurt. Ah, I see you've managed to incapacitate my husband, clearly you're as effective as a strong sherry.

MRS. G

Well even a sherry would have been better than those glasses of orange juice you were passing off as mimosas.

MR. G

Mrs. K, it's been too long.

MRS. K

Yes, I haven't seen you in ages. Since you tried to kill my husband on our holiday in Costa Rica.

MR. G

As you can see, we were just in the middle of finishing the job.

MRS. K

Oh please, you've been trying to kill him for five bloody years, I don't expect you'll succeed now.

MRS. G

Look here lady, my husband may be a terrible assassin--

MR. G

Honey!

MRS. G

But at least he doesn't get knocked out with one punch.

MR. K

(coming round)

Mmm...biscuits...Sean Connery...some gravy with that

MRS. K

Darling, you're embarrassing me in front of our guests.

MR. K

Two crumpets please...and I could do with a nice bath

MRS. K

Darling! The horrendous hare hops!

MR. K

(Sits up straight and draws pistol)

Bloody hell! That's our "danger" codeword. Was I out cold?

MRS. G

Yes, you can thank my fist for that.

MRS. K

(pointing machine gun at MRS. G)

Look you little twit, you punch my husband one more time--

MRS. G

Just drop that gun already...it totally clashes with your dress.

MR. G

Honey, no need to get so nasty.

MRS. G

Yes there is, I've been listening to this horrible woman blab on about about her British Soap Operas all day.

MRS. K

Wouldn't it be best to shoot her now, darling?

MR. G

Perhaps we should be going, honey.

MRS. G

Like hell we will, after you flew us out here, just to kill this guy. Neverminding the fact that I had a spa weekend all planned out.

MR. K

Look ladies there's no reason we can't just be civilized.

MRS. K

Oh shut up, darling!

(MRS. K knocks MR. K unconscious, again)

MR. G

Wow he really goes down easy. Look, Mrs. K, you clearly have some unresolved anger issues, so--

MRS. K

(Shoots Mr. G in the foot)

And I've had just about enough of you bloody Americans, get off our property and stop trying to murder my husband, right this instant!

MR. G

You shot me in the goddamn foot.

MRS. K

Indeed, that's for ruining a perfectly lovely trip to Costa Rica.

MRS. G

You can't go around shooting people for ruining your vacations!

MR. G

(hopping around on one foot)

Ow! Ow! Ow!

MRS. K

Clearly I can, so go hop in your little American car and drive away.

MRS. G

(pointing pistol at MRS. K)

I happen to take great offense when people shoot my husband!

MR. G

Honey, I need a doctor, right now.

MRS. G

One moment sweetie, I just want to shoot the mean old British lady first.

MRS. K

You couldn't hit a bowler hat from five meters away.

MRS. G

(fires pistols, knocks gun out of MRS. K's hand)
I've always hated the metric system.

MR. G

Seriously honey, I'm bleeding out!

MRS. G

Stop being so dramatic dear, you're more likely to die of hyperventilation than that flesh wound.

MR. G

Dear wife, I'm in a lot of pain, please take me to a hospital.

MRS. G

Just one moment. Remember, we all have to make sacrifices, dear. I for one, had to kill my dreams of a spa weekend.

MRS. K

Which you clearly need. I can see your pores from here.

MRS. G

Ah Mrs. K, I almost forgot about you. Would you kindly stand very still, so I can shoot you properly?

MRS. K

Would you kindly go choke on my delicious, underappreciated mimosa?

MRS. G

Yes, that alcoholic orange juice was gag inducing. Clearly not even the Devil deserves to suffer your wretched drink mixing skills.

MRS. K

Oh yeah, well you're clearly just an overbearing, stonecold harpy!

MR. G

Not saying she's right honey, but you're ignoring my grievous injury.

MRS. G

Would you please stop being such a hypochondriac, dear?

MRS. K

(grabs MR. K as a shield)

Here, you can shoot him in the foot, then we'll be perfectly square.

MRS. G

Well, I wouldn't have to shoot anyone, if you give us your keys.

MRS. K

I shall do no such thing.

MR. G

You did put a bomb on ours. And we promise to throw down a towel.

MRS. K

Leud innuendo won't help you!

MRS. G

Then, I will shoot both of you, in both feet!

MRS. K

Fine, I so loathe foot wounds. Here are the damn keys!

(MRS. K tosses keys to MRS. G)

MRS. G

Lovely seeing you again.

MRS. K

One of these days, I will murder you.

MRS. G

(MRS. G exits, followed by MR. G)

Perhaps another time, Mrs. K. C'mon honey. Hop along now.

MR. K

Mmf...wickedly funny... Oh Hugh Grant...You are a gentleman

MRS. K

Oh shut up darling!

LIES

Jake hat das beste Sandwich, dass er immer gemacht hat, gemacht.

Er hat gebähtes Brot, Speck, ein Ei, einen Vogel von dem Fenster, Essiggurken, Zwiebeln, und die Seele eines Hummers in seinem Sandwich hineingestellt.

Aber hat der magische Mann sein Sandwich genommen, bevor Jake essen können hat.

Dann ist der magische Mann durch die Wand gesprungen.

Finn und Jake sind draußen auf ihn gelaufen.

Er hat die Zeit in der Nähe von ihm verlangsamt.

Finn und Jake haben vielen Dinge mit keinem Erfolg versucht.

Sie haben nicht von dem magischen Mann das Sandwich genommen.

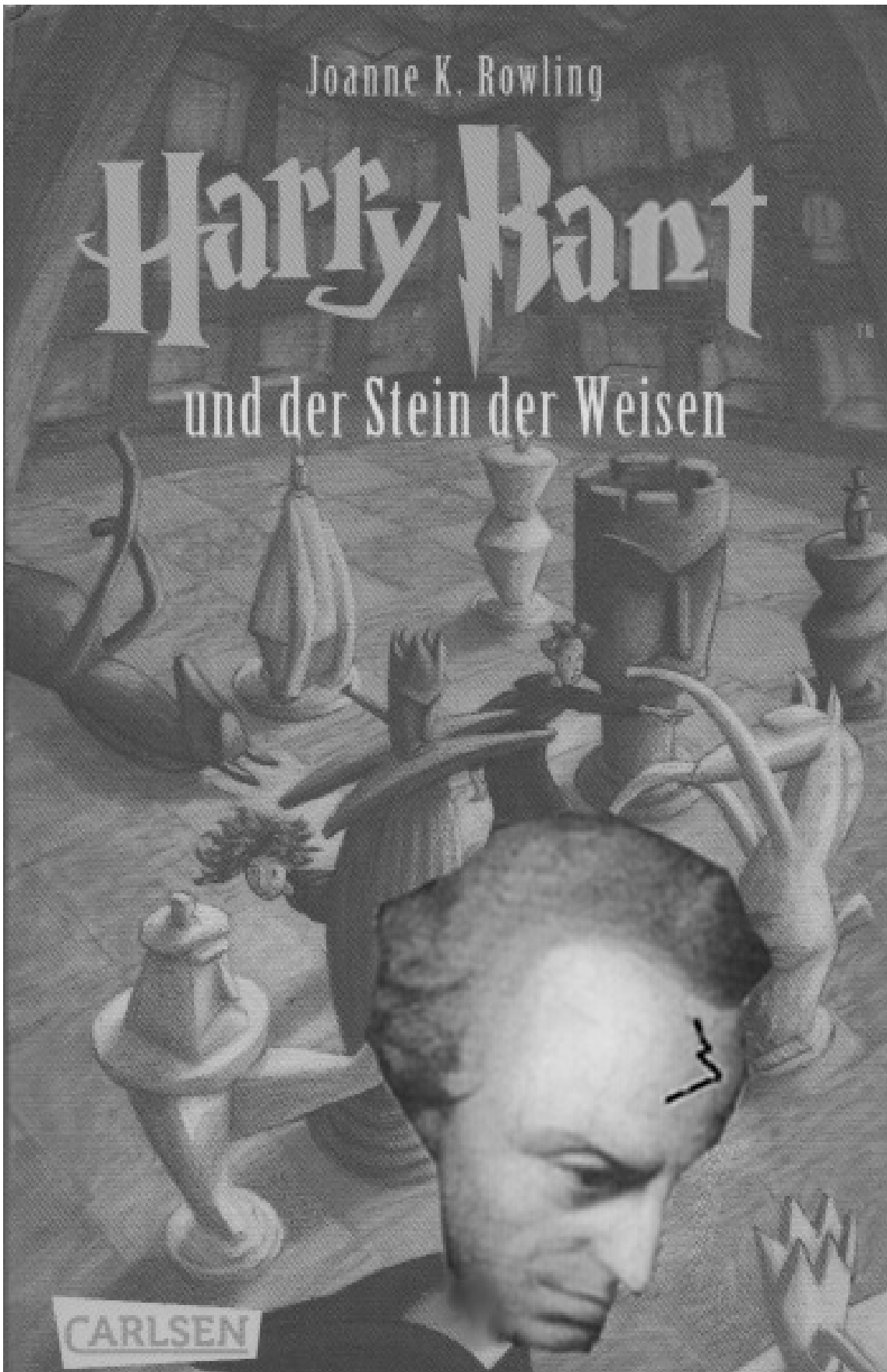
Jake ist hierdurch traurig geworden.

Wegen seiner Traurigkeit, hat Jake von dem magischen Mann das Sandwich abgerufen!

-B Corfman



B Corfman



HARRY KANT

Chapter 1

The Boy Who Lived

B Corfman

Mr. and Mrs. Dursley, of number four, Privet Drive, were proud to say that they were perfectly quotidian, thank you very much. They were the last people you'd expect to be involved in anything metaphysical, because they just didn't hold with such nonsense. Mr. Dursley was the director of a firm called Grunnings, which made drills. He was a big, beefy man with hardly any neck, although he did have a very large mustache. Mrs. Dursley was thin and blonde and had nearly twice the usual amount of neck, which came in very useful as she spent so much of her time craning over garden fences, spying on the neighbors. The Dursleys had a small son called Dudley and in their opinion there was no finer boy anywhere.

The Dursleys had everything they wanted, but they also had a secret, and their greatest fear was that somebody would discover it. They didn't think they could bear it if anyone found out about the Kants. Mrs. Kant was Mrs. Dursley's sister, but they hadn't met for several years; in fact, Mrs. Dursley pretended she didn't have a sister, because her sister and her good-for-nothing husband were as unDursleyish as it was possible to be. The Dursleys shuddered to think what the neighbors would say if the Kants arrived in the street. The Dursleys knew that the Kants had a small son, too, but they had never even seen him. This boy was another good reason for keeping the Kants away; they didn't want Dudley mixing with a child like that. When Mr. and Mrs. Dursley woke up on the dull, gray Tuesday our story starts, there was nothing about the cloudy sky outside to suggest that strange and mysterious

things would soon be happening all over the country. Mr. Dursley hummed as he picked out his most boring tie for work, and Mrs. Dursley gossiped away happily as she wrestled a screaming Dudley into his high chair. None of them noticed a large, tawny owl flutter past the window.

At half past eight, Mr. Dursley picked up his briefcase, pecked Mrs. Dursley on the cheek, and tried to kiss Dudley good-bye but missed, because Dudley was now having a tantrum and throwing his cereal at the walls. "Little tyke," chortled Mr. Dursley as he left the house. He got into his car and backed out of number four's drive.

It was on the corner of the street that he noticed the first sign of something peculiar – a woman trying to derive the existence of God through logic alone. For a second, Mr. Dursley didn't realize what he had seen – then he jerked his head around to look again. There was a woman standing on the corner of Privet Drive, but there wasn't a proof in sight. What could he have been thinking of? It must have been a trick of the light. Mr. Dursley blinked and stared at the woman. She stared back. As Mr. Dursley drove around the corner and up the road, he watched the woman in his mirror. She was now reading the sign that said Privet Drive. Mr. Dursley gave himself a little shake and put the woman out of his mind. As he drove toward town he thought of nothing except a large order of drills he was hoping to get that day.

But on the edge of town, drills were driven out of his mind by something else. As he sat in the usual morning traffic jam, he couldn't help noticing that there seemed to be a lot of strangely dressed people about. People in waistcoats and breeches. Mr. Dursley couldn't bear people who dressed in funny clothes – the getups you saw on young people! He supposed this was some stupid new fashion. He drummed his fingers on the steering wheel and his eyes fell on a huddle of these weirdos standing quite close by. They were whispering excitedly together. Mr. Dursley was enraged to see that a couple of them weren't young at all; why, that man had to be older than he was, and wearing an emerald-green waistcoat! The nerve of him! But then it struck Mr. Dursley that this was probably some silly stunt – these people were obviously collecting for something... yes, that would be it. The traffic moved on and a few minutes later,

Mr. Dursley arrived in the Grunnings parking lot, his mind back on drills.

Mr. Dursley always sat with his back to the window in his office on the ninth floor. If he hadn't, he might have found it harder to concentrate on drills that morning. He didn't see the owls swooping past in broad daylight, though people down in the street did; they pointed and gazed open-mouthed as owl after owl sped overhead. Most of them had never seen an owl even at nighttime. Mr. Dursley, however, had a perfectly normal, owl-free morning. He yelled at five different people. He made several important telephone calls and shouted a bit more. He was in a very good mood until lunchtime, when he thought he'd stretch his legs and walk across the road to buy himself a bun from the bakery. He'd forgotten all about the people in waistcoats until he passed a group of them next to the baker's. He eyed them angrily as he passed. He didn't know why, but they made him uneasy. This bunch were whispering excitedly, too, and he couldn't see a single collecting tin. It was on his way back past them, clutching a large doughnut in a bag, that he caught a few words of what they were saying.

"The Kants, that's right, that's what I heard yes, their son, Immanuel"

Mr. Dursley stopped dead. Fear flooded him. He looked back at the whisperers as if he wanted to say something to them, but thought better of it.

He dashed back across the road, hurried up to his office, snapped at his secretary not to disturb him, seized his telephone, and had almost finished dialing his home number when he changed his mind. He put the receiver back down and stroked his mustache, thinking... no, he was being stupid. Kant wasn't such an unusual name. He was sure there were lots of people called Kant who had a son called Immanuel. Come to think of it, he wasn't even sure his nephew was called Immanuel. He'd never even seen the boy. It might have been Emmanuil. Or Emuel. There was no point in worrying Mrs. Dursley; she always got so upset at any mention of her sister. He didn't blame her – if he'd had a sister like that... but all the same, those people in waistcoats...

He found it a lot harder to concentrate on drills that afternoon and when he left the building at five o'clock, he

was still so worried that he walked straight into someone just outside the door.

"Sorry," he grunted, as the tiny old man stumbled and almost fell. It was a few seconds before Mr. Dursley realized that the man was wearing a violet waistcoat. He didn't seem at all upset at being almost knocked to the ground. On the contrary, his face split into a wide smile and he said in a squeaky voice that made passersby stare, "Don't be sorry, my dear sir, for nothing could upset me today! Rejoice, for You-Know-Who has gone at last! Even a Philistine like yourself should be celebrating, this happy, happy day!"

And the old man hugged Mr. Dursley around the middle and walked off.

OKAY GREAT WASN'T
THAT A FUN STORY?

DID YOU LEARN
SOMETHING?

WHAT DID YOU
LEARN?

WRITE IT ON THIS
PAGE.

GOOD.

MISS AUGUST-SEPTEMBER

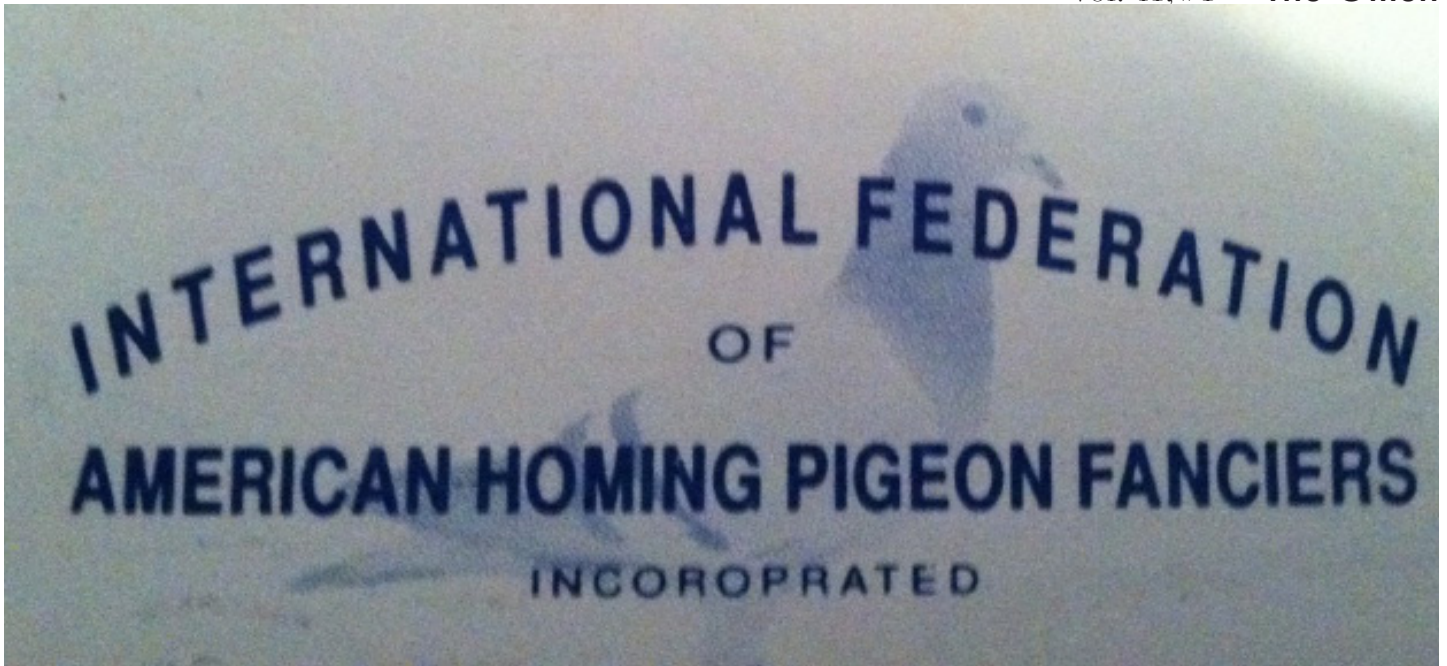


Welcome Back to School with

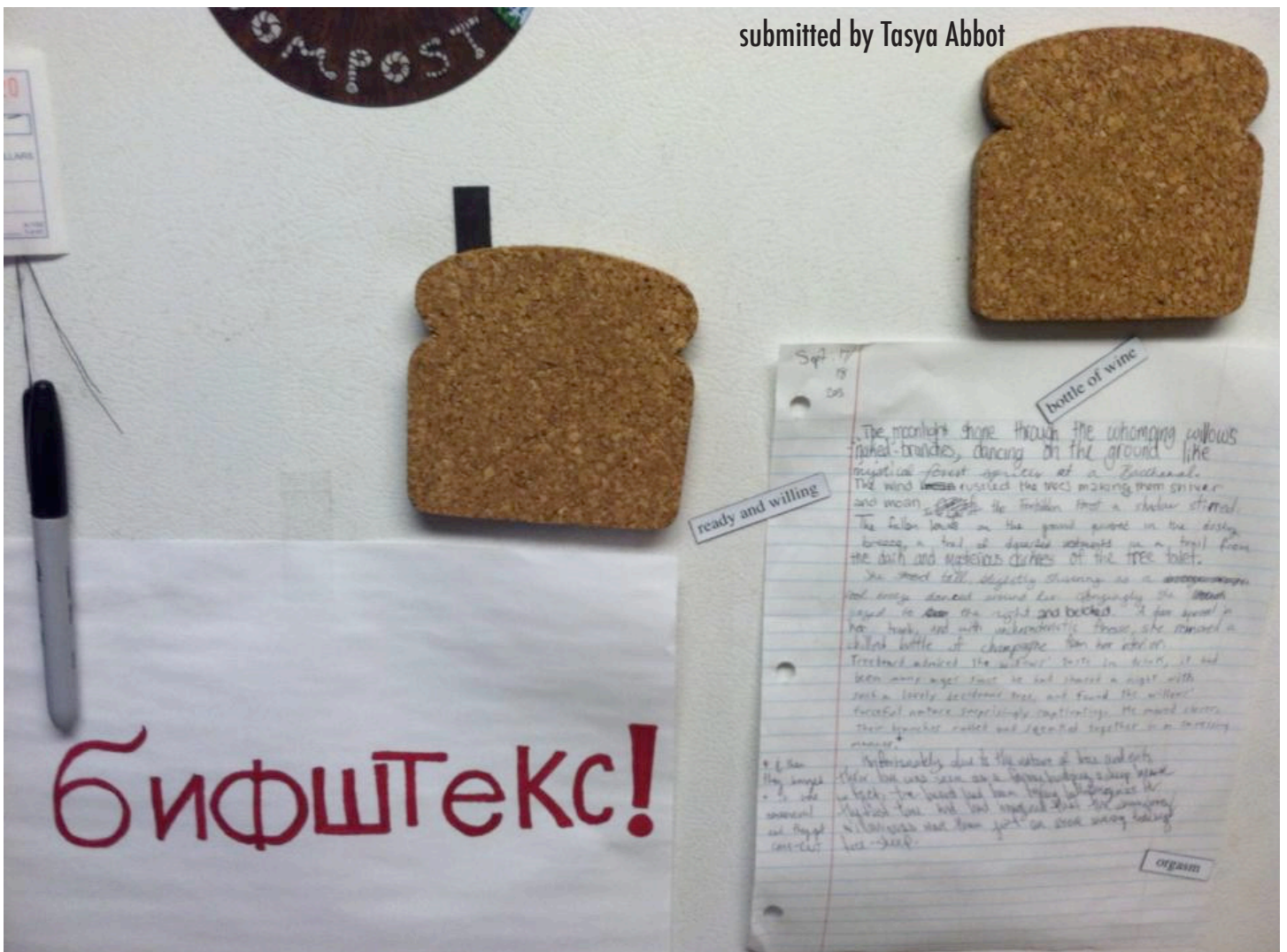
Playbadger

"For the Gentleman Muscidgeophile"

F. Stewart-Taylor



submitted by Tasya Abbot



The moonlight shone through the whomping willows
-naked- branches, dancing on the ground like
mystical forest sprites at a Bacchanal.
The wind ~~mean~~ rustled the trees making them shiver
and moan. ~~Off~~ ^{In the depths of} the Forbidden Forest a shadow stirred.
The fallen leaves on the ground quivered in the dusky
breeze, a trail of discarded vestments in a trail from
the dark and mysterious darkness of the tree toilet.
She stood tall, slightly shivering as a ~~drizzle~~
cool breeze danced around her. Longingly she ~~looked~~
gazed to ~~the~~ the right and belched. A door opened in
her trunk, and with uncharacteristic finesse, she removed a
chilled bottle of champagne from her interior.
Treebeard admired the willows' taste in drink, it had
been many ages since he had shared a night with
such a lovely deciduous tree, and found the willows'
forceful nature surprisingly captivating. He moved closer,
their branches rubbed and squeaked together in a caressing
manner.
Unfortunately, due to the nature of trees and ents,
Carmel was asleep because

tree porn submitted by Tasya
Abbot and the rest of Mod 70
(except Dina, apparently)

She stood tall, slightly shivering as a ~~drizzle~~ cool breeze danced around her. Longingly she ~~looked~~ gazed to ~~the~~ the right and belched. A door opened in her trunk, and with uncharacteristic finesse, she removed a chilled bottle of champagne from her interior.

Treebeard admired the willows' taste in drink, it had been many ages since he had shared a night with such a lovely deciduous tree, and found the willows' forceful nature surprisingly captivating. He moved closer, their branches rubbed and squeaked together in a caressing manner.

* & then
they banged
+ it was
consensual
and they got
cons-EAT

Unfortunately due to the nature of trees and ents, their love was seen as a farmer humping a sheep because in fact, tree-beard had been taking hallucinogenics for the first time and had imagined that the whumping willow was more than just an above average looking tree-sheep.

orgasm



SECTION: HATE

BASKETBALL

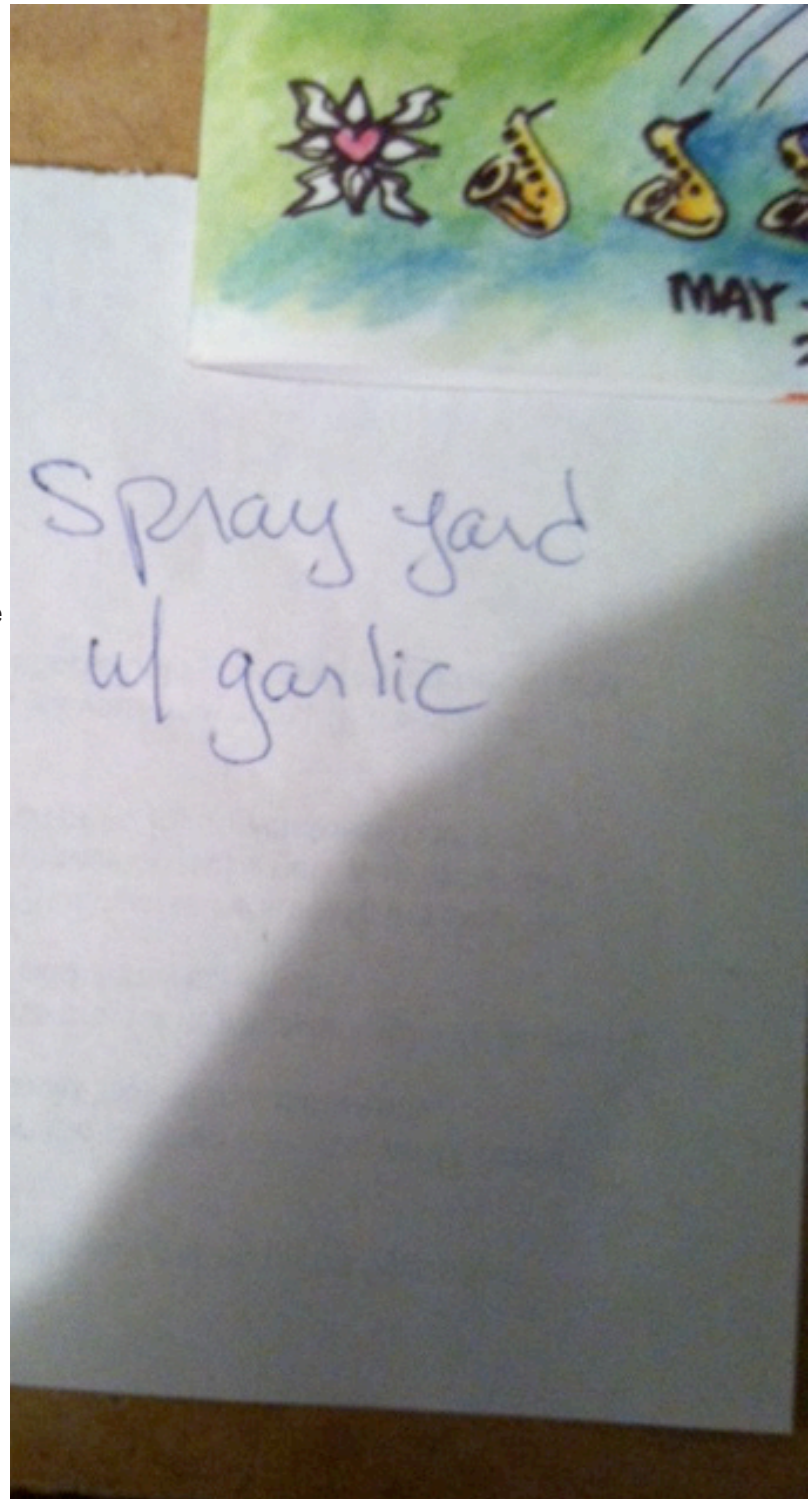
F. Stewart-Taylor

Fall is here and that means it is time for sports! Do you liek sports? Of course you like sports, you are at Hampshire, and we are all here because of how much we like sports! Also, because we have so many friends and are so well adjusted with many different hobbies and interests.

Here is how to play the sports!

- do not play the sports
- if you are going to play sports, pick a single sport. You can't just play "the sports," don't be stupid.
- Just play basketball, all other sports are bullshit. I'm from Chapel Hill, Space Jam vaguely refers to us.
- You should be aiming (pun intended) to be Space Jam.
- So step one I guess is get a scholarship to UNC Chapel Hill for your sports skills
- then you can play sports

Welcome to being a well adjusted adult with hobbies! (Your hobby is sports.) You may wish to play virtual sports with friends by making pretend sports teams, and making them fight. Remember to roll a separate attack if you are throwing your basketball as a ranged attacks into melee.





25 Pleasant Street
Granby, MA 01033
203-892-1530

devmorg1@gmail.com

Education

Hampshire College, Amherst MA

Bachelor of Arts, 2013

Concentration: “Philosophy of Perception, Understanding, and Reasoning. / Music: composition and production.”

Senior Thesis: “Justifying Reason,” an investigation of how we may ground rules of logic and reasoning.

Naugatuck Valley Community College, Waterbury CT

Associate of Arts, Liberal Arts and Sciences, 2010

Professional Experience

Faculty Assistant, Dean of Curriculum and Assessment, October 2012-May 2013

Hampshire College, Amherst MA

- Researched college's admission's literature on academic promises
- Packed and moved books

Technical Director's Assistant, Music and Dance Technical/Production Coordinator, December 2011-May 2013

Hampshire College, Amherst MA

- Set up microphones and cords
- Monitored performance recordings

Teaching Assistant, “Wittgenstein's Investigations”, January Term 2013

Hampshire College, MA

- Co-facilitated class discussion with the professor
- Managed class time
- Circulated syllabi and other course materials
- Evaluated students' question sets
- Advised students on class assignments

Office Assistant, Campus Leadership and Activities, September 2011-May 2012

Hampshire College, MA

- Designed posters and other graphic materials, including trash, compost, and recycling signs and labels for campus events
- Distributed posters and other graphic materials
- Received and directed calls
- Directed student leaders to useful resources
- Transported materials across campus
- Maintained a well-kept office space

Communications Officer, Student Government, September 2011-January 2012

plz hire me

Hampshire College, MA

- Managed e-mail communications and websites
- Disseminated minutes to student government members and the community at large through websites and on-campus publications
- Supervised the design and propagation of public notices and event advertisements

Teaching Assistant, “Other Minds”, Fall Term 2011

Hampshire College, MA

- Facilitated weekly discussions with a group of 6 students
- Responded one-on-one to student issues
- Evaluated students' papers
- Supervised the creation of a final project by my group
- Provided constant feedback to the professor on my group's experience and the class in general

Theater Assistant, September 2010-November 2010

Hampshire College

- Assisted in the building, painting, and take down of sets, light placement

Freelance Piano Accompaniment, Ongoing

- Have accompanied church services and elementary school and high school choir performances

Leadership Experience

Member, Student Government Implementation Task Force:

Co-Chair, Committee on Scope Groups, Fall 2012- Spring 2013

Hampshire College

Delegate, Five College Coordinating Board, Fall 2012- Spring 2013

Hampshire College

Student Member, Educational Policy Committee, Fall 2012- Spring 2013

Hampshire College

Facilitator, Student Government Brainstorming Sessions, Spring 2012-Fall 2012

Hampshire College

Founder, Philosophy Circle, Spring 2012- Spring 2013

Hampshire College

Student Member, Cognitive Science School Board, Spring 2011-Spring 2013

Hampshire College

Honors and Accomplishments

- **Commencement Speaker**, Naugatuck Valley Community College Class of 2010
- **Anna-Margaret Fabisiak Distinguished Student Award**, Naugatuck Valley Community College, May 2010
- **Stage Society Ensemble Player of the Year**, Naugatuck Valley Community College, May 2010
- **Scott Lawrence Pond Science Award**, Naugatuck Valley Community College, May 2009
- **Phi Theta Kappa**, Naugatuck Valley Community College, Fall 2009 Inductee
- **Randy E. Bergin Mathematics Award**, Naugatuck Valley Community College, May 2008
- **Original music composition performed**, Fairfield County Children's Choir, May 2008

WPS file: Weirdo pictures i like.

A document of my misspent youth on and off the internet.

by Grace Willey

Over the summer I downloaded several documents from my parent's old computer onto my laptop in order to have access to old essays and documents from high school. As well as many essays on "The Symbolism of the Color Red in A Tale of Two Cities", I found a document long thought to be deleted some three years ago.

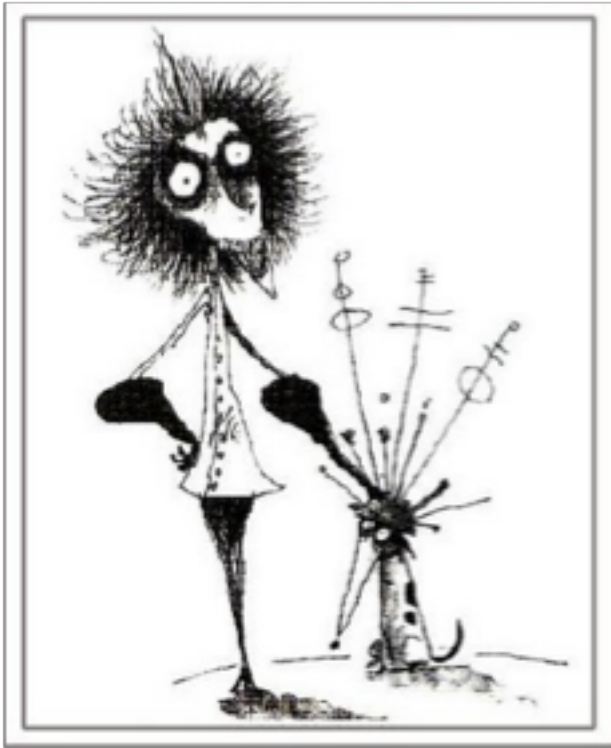
When I was in eighth grade I had reached a conundrum. My mother would not allow me to have a Myspace or a Deviant Art account in spite of the fact that all my cool friends had ones and that I happened to have "very strong opinions" of various movie musicals involving opera house and the Phantoms who inhabit them, as well as the filmography of Tim Burton. In order to feel "cool" and "part of the internetz" I created a WPS file in which I copy and pasted my favorite images from the internet and commented upon their content, as well as any other thoughts that came to my mind at the time. Clearly this was the precursor to my current Tumblr addiction. "Weirdo pictures i like" presents the highlights of the most intellectual years my life.

December 31, 2007



"ANYWHERE, YOU GO LET ME GO TOO! THAT'S ALL I ASK OF YOU!" Just like Christine there, I could stare into Patrick Wilson's dreamy face all day.

June 28, 2008



This is an original sketch of Vincent by Mr. Burton. It's from the same website as the last three entries. It's Vincent Malloy in his Vincent Price clothes and his zombie dog to be, Abercrombie. If I ever came into possession of the Abercrombie and Fitch clothing line, I'd rename it "Aberzombie and Witch". Is that not a classic line or what? I first heard it in Winx Club (yes, before it stopped being on air I was obsessed) and then I read it in a Nickelodeon Magazine Halloween issue. Anywayz I hate the prep clothes though. I feel disgusting wearing these plaid shorts, but it's summer and I'm too big for children's clothes and too small for junior's sizes, so I must suffer. Their green, my favorite colour right now, so it's not that bad. The other pair's orange so it looks really cool with my black leotard. Orange, black, and white are such a cheerful colours. Have you ever noticed that Tim Burton, Vincent Malloy, Edward Scissorhands, and Sweeney Todd have basically all the same hairstyle?

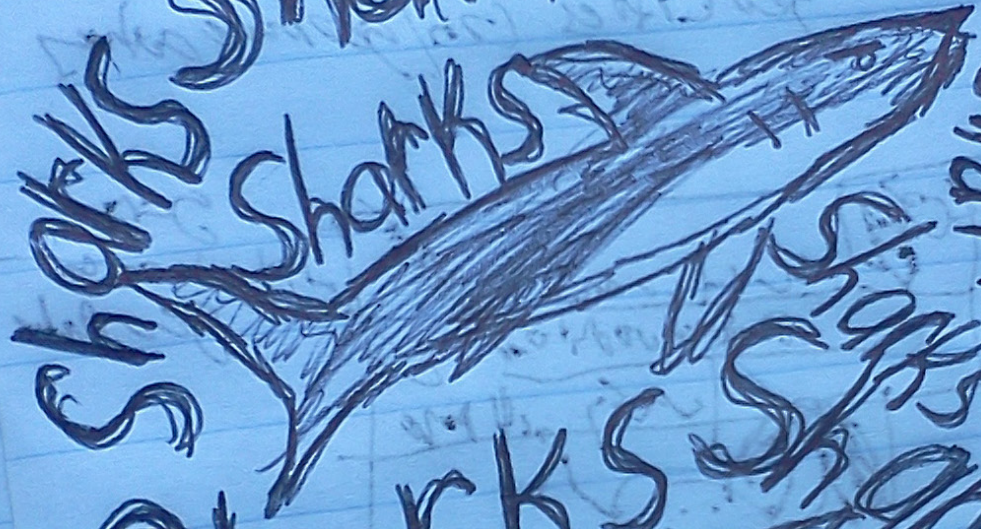


FStewz

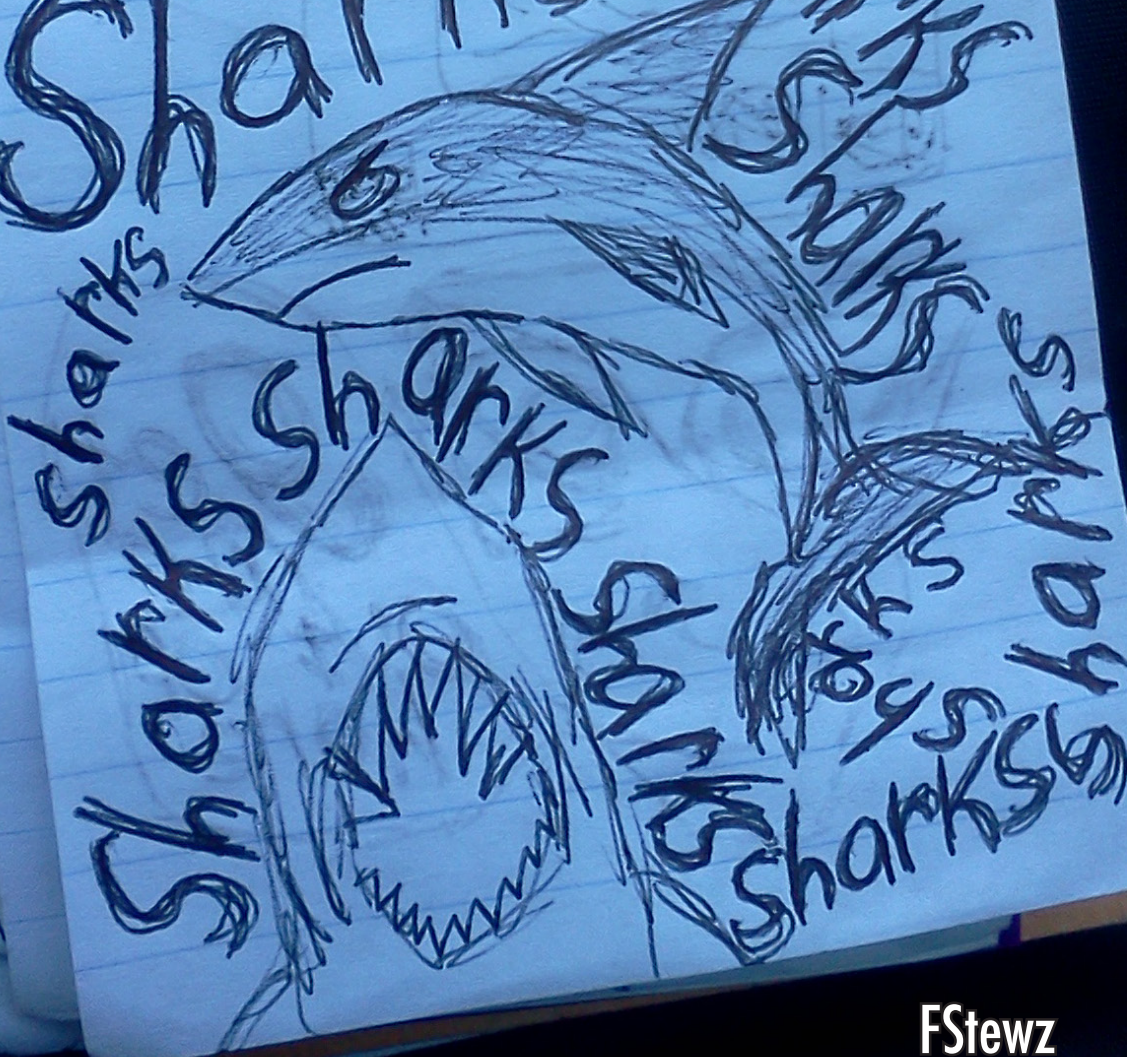
To the person with the cigarette butt art, I'm sorry, but I disapproved of your methods, and I needed to commit an act of civil disobedience, so I cleaned up your work.

Sincerely,
Megan McGrath

sharks sharks



sharks sharks





submitted by Jonathan Gardner



THE OMEN